



## Digital Proofer

### Golden Shadows

Authored by Amitava Mazumdar

6.0" x 9.0" (15.24 x 22.86 cm)  
Black & White on White paper  
26 pages

ISBN-13: 9781502313522  
ISBN-10: 1502313529

Please carefully review your Digital Proof download for formatting, grammar, and design issues that may need to be corrected.

We recommend that you review your book three times, with each time focusing on a different aspect.

- 1 Check the format, including headers, footers, page numbers, spacing, table of contents, and index.
- 2 Review any images or graphics and captions if applicable.
- 3 Read the book for grammatical errors and typos.

Once you are satisfied with your review, you can approve your proof and move forward to the next step in the publishing process.

To print this proof we recommend that you scale the PDF to fit the size of your printer paper.

(1)

### Pauper

When I was five, I was told what to do  
I've words to eat, I've words to chew  
After some years, I'd taught how to move  
My limbs, my hands with all human shove  
With the passing of time, I felt every moment  
Every turn mingles with a new one, and again bent  
But the words stand there, stingy and fulsomely  
I be with them very generous and sometimes save them miserly  
They are all hidden, sometimes at a distance, sometimes in my eyes  
When I tried frenziedly, put them together, they popped up and flies  
When I was eighteen, I often threw glances at  
Pretty faces, stood before me, like fondled cat  
I be with many nights, fumbling and kicking myself  
In the darkness, when silence as a walking stick came to my help  
I'd roamed all the night, in the streets, in the dark alleys, on the rooftops  
When all the whores have slept, when silence killed another silence, when the wind sobs  
Before the birds appear, before the first tram trundled, before the darkness slips in  
I'm treasured with something, I've nothing though, my pockets are shallow and lean.

\*\*\*\*\*

(2)

Silence only silence

Behind the instincts, when your fierce steps trod  
I thought of you, you became my thought  
The wooden cross dangled, always in my hairy chest  
The thud became more piercing, my strength had gone to rest  
If it is inhumanly , be harder with a blunt knife  
The life kicked only, to get another life  
Someday at somewhere, you told- I shall meet you  
Perhaps there'll be no wind, only silence reigns in the milieu

\*\*\*\*\*

(3)

With me

I was alone then, a night bird sang when  
Keeping my eyes closed, a dream swam and tossed  
The mystic silence there, it led me to the air

I was flying rather, on the top of a feather  
Landed on a leaf, I met a wounded grief  
The string of green flesh, dressed like a solemn grace

I hopped and climbed down, every tree looked at frown  
The roots chime , I swayed under the sublime  
The grey soil underneath, every footfall dances in blithe

I walked over a log, ran across a shallow bog  
The algae floated on the water, where life seems smaller  
I was still alone over the green, perhaps I'd say oneday what I mean!

\*\*\*\*\*

(4)

First Time

First time I saw you  
The sky was melting down  
all its blue

First time I heard  
The trees were talking  
To one another  
When there was a curfew

First time I overran  
All human fear  
When a speeding car  
Whisked away in a blind avenue.

First time I ate  
A dish of well cooked beef  
Knowingly  
To be a non-hindu .

\*\*\*\*\*

( 5 )

With You

I gave you a smile  
You put it on your face

Next day again I gave you a laughter  
You wore it on your eyes

Few weeks later I make a hi to you  
You replied it with all the strength of your voice

After some months I gave you a hug  
You tightened it with your arms

Then a year later, I began to love you  
You trickled it down like tears and disappeared

\*\*\*\*\*

Golden Shadows

My shadows are getting smaller and smaller  
 To a drop of a spherical black;  
 My hair has turned fully greyer  
 After carrying all these burdensome years ;  
 I became gumless and toothless  
 Chewing and biting every sun and rain;  
 My regular visits to the counsellor  
 had failed to satisfy the wisest ears;  
 I tried to answer everything I was asked  
 How much I love myself? More than anyone else.  
 If I'd any deadly desires to kill myself? To paint myself with blood.  
 Whether I used to swallow my own semen? Everytime I looked up at the portrait of Venus.

My looks are unfashionably betraying  
 The passion of keeping lonely treasures  
 I'd always adored for;  
 If I'm an outcaste, a rebel  
 Why I'm not hanged or shot down?  
 I never shouted in a busy street  
 My instincts are always gentle and feeble  
 I've caressed every pretty face  
 I looked up at;  
 I'm never been religious  
 never been atheist too;  
 The glorification of Christ, Buddha, Allah-  
 Whatever holylike never tempts me;  
 My shadows are getting smaller and smaller  
 To a drop of a spherical black;

I ran miles and miles  
 When I stopped in a vast green;  
 I saw a wind stretching her legs  
 I behold the cloud whiter than sperm  
 I drank some water and began running again;

I liberate the bird annoyed in the cage  
 I fondled the glossy skin of the snake  
 My neighbours kept away from me  
 My friends always passes strangely across  
 I breathe the polluted air everyday  
 Without asking anyone why should I ?  
 My shadows are getting smaller and smaller  
 To a drop of a spherical black;

I know I'll die oneday  
 Be in the open or inside the walls  
 But I prefer the former  
 There should be some air at the least  
 There should be a feeling of passing  
 Like a day slowly slips inside the embryo of the night;  
 My shadows are getting smaller and smaller  
 To a drop of a spherical black;

\*\*\*\*\*

THE HARVEST

*At this dork hours, o horrid cot with its slewed tongue whined sorcostically  
Flesh of the doy burned out , the glociol night sexed breathlessly*

You came home, leaving your dreadful steps on the stairs, on the floor  
I hurried off, my feline eyes have crossed your unclothed shore  
It is bad, it is worst to say something you don't want to hear  
If I read out something to you, if I spill the silence you bear-  
My virgin love! I could free myself to you and glued at your eyes  
If that could make you more wifely, then everything would turn nice

I need not fear for that, of letting my freedom unto your hands  
Rather I would say, for God's sake, come leap slither on my sea of sands  
If you're not happy with, I'm sorry to say , I've nothing best to offer  
The saliva in my mouth dried up, my lips would ashame you to slobber  
My dear, my honeyed passion, spare me if you can with all your arrogance  
Age waits in the doorway, I could only perturbs you without any sense.

I know the day gone, armoured with sunshine, after brightening the walls  
Like an oversized womb, we ate drink sleep and love inside it and falls  
There is nothing to blame, time drips down from the wallclocks  
And the yellowed evening turns back, furnitures looked like ancient rocks  
I kept away myself from the choices, tried to dig out the hardest  
If you could really be a part of , I may thank for that unripened harvest.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE WAIT

I was waiting and waiting, waiting alone  
For nothing, or for everything I don't have in my fortune  
The lizards on the wall tried to teach me patience  
The moral books of my childhood slaps me hard on my face  
But like a wicked Jew, my greed leaks and spills everywhere  
My lowness dances like an orphan on the busy sidewalks

If a rainbow coloured up the sky grandly, I thought of  
The face of a whore swept on my eyes , I'd with the last night in a scoff  
I talked about my whims and fancies for an argument  
My friend got rid of me in the cornfield like a plagued rodent  
Walls have stories, have political slogans, have a role  
I failed to understand that , endure that, vouch that whole

\*\*\*\*\*

MY FATHER AND I

My father used to say- live with your dreams  
Its good for you, for your mind and health  
I scratched my head to catch that right

Now I'm almost forty five  
my dreams became much fatter than myself  
My mind squirms inside the dark womb of this free world  
And I drink to the health of others every night

My child who is at eight  
Looked at his grandfather's photograph sometimes  
And stare at me with his small crystal eyes  
to make a go between-

One day my little boy told me-  
You don't go after my grandfather  
I looked at him and smiled  
As if I'm born now and forsaken.

\*\*\*\*\*

A NIGHT'S JOURNEY

That night when I ran  
Its blackness veiled over

A firefly swinging on it  
Like a shining mirror

My fingers aged and harpy  
Played with the old shadows

Stars burned off before I peered  
Stains of it left on the windows

If words replace kindness thereof  
At the time of nailing Christ

Our primeval fear of darkness  
Rather be gone, not wasted in the fights-

But the night was on me heavily  
Through I've to pass on

My journey to the endest  
Was to make quieter and forlorn.

\*\*\*\*\*

KISSED FOREVER

I'll not leave you  
Whatever comes off-  
You said this again and again  
Before you kissed me violently

I sucked your breath  
Into my mouth that went down  
Through the windpipe  
And spun inside my belly.

We went on kissing  
Our lips slobbered  
Our eyes flamed up  
Our arms tightened

Days passed, months went by  
Summers dried up, rains brought floods  
Springs withered, winters dewed leaves  
But we kissed and kissed

Your eyelids dripped moisture  
I sapped warmth into your mouth  
We stuck together in joy  
We sipped sorrows through our lips

People looked at us from their hardest stares  
Some flung us spiteful shame  
Some called us idiots of an erotic game  
Someone leered, others frowned our eternal clasp as fibs

If the storms comes, if there is an earthquake  
If a meteor falls, if nature alchemise humans into stones  
if we lose our grip, if our lips snapped from each other  
Will it normalise everything, will it changes time!

We don't have any fear, we haven't thought much-  
Birds are still caged, even ants build hills  
We sheltered everything in our clasp , we've faith on the sky  
You just hold me tight, I'll embrace you like a holy shrine.

\*\*\*\*\*

THE RIVER OF BLUE

I was about to end  
You forced me to change the course  
The story should not be deadlier  
It's true humans perish at a day  
Characters in the story should not be alike-

You debated the whole day  
When the tail of the afternoon light  
Sheds off, curtains welcome the evening  
I shook the glass of malted wine  
You threw a cold glance on me to vie-

I reclined myself to the sofa and lit a cigar  
A patch of sky through the window entered into  
There was blueness everywhere masking over me  
The table, the chairs, the pen, the books , my whole crew

If you're there, should you also be changed into blue  
Your lips, your forehead, your arms, your bosoms  
The thin flab of eyelids, the lanky legs, the polished cheeks  
But you're not there, when I was dipped into the river of blue.

\*\*\*\*\*

DESTINY

Whatever comes at the day's end, handful or a small slice  
Doors were bolted, food served but our hunger mutinize  
Rinsed with blood , the African sun smoothly melted our bones  
Wolves lurk around, we listen how the vultures moans-  
If a wind wafted across, crawled like spirits we visit our ends  
Against all defiance, our dreams shadow us and pretends  
In those dark and primitive hours, we hang on a blurred point  
There was nothing welcoming, calmness and peace to anoint  
Our eyes drolled, our shoulders lost a day , and raves  
We've to dream, we need to negotiate with have-nots and haves

\*\*\*\*\*

THE TEMPLE AND THE BROTHEL

*Do the prostitutes pray , unstain their bodies from everyday shome!*  
*The heaven equals everyone, be it in the thick dorkness or under the sporkly flome*

I whispered that in your ears, and your face turned red  
As if the earth was ripped apart, you're shaken terribly and unmade  
Whatever I've said slowly, perhaps you were not inclined to hear such  
Maybe your Catholic mind, the eyes of yours used to lie in a holy church  
Distinct the words of mine, I've spelled them with thin elegance and smoothness  
A worshipper can be a prostitute , at this you became distraught more or less!  
Sometimes mind sails in the endless waters, the body anchors in the harbour  
When we catch a glimpse, might be a sunshine or a tiny orb of a glimmer

I visited a number of times, the inside of a brothel is a shrine of passion  
The bodies walled against bodies, nothing to keep from being shun  
Nudity sacrifices for nudity , a girl undresses herself and then seek  
It was an hunting , deeper the hunt goes more it becomes ascetic  
Bodies dwell in the kingdom of lust, we expose everything before the enormous  
Ours arms stick out like leafy branches, our legs snakes round and round between the fleshy mass

Once I asked one of them, do you blame yourself and pray for your sexual sins  
The whore made a face of it, you made us to do what you means  
Why should we pray? You people come here and fuck for your pleasure  
If a sin lies anywhere, that is on you, you should pray better  
Perhaps she was right, a ride over the eclipse to discover a new heaven  
The Cross dangles between her breasts, I saw it when she was with me brazen!

\*\*\*\*\*

THE PROPHET

I once met standing on the balcony in the middle of the night  
It was something between the thin line of visibility and invisibility  
From the edge of my sight to the point of the touching territory  
My vision drops downwards to catch the glimpse of a swaying feather  
I couldn't get enough even to say much of the nighttime slowest glamour  
The feather was swaying up and down on the wings of the wind  
Sometimes it tosses down and a sudden surge take it up awhile  
The sway was so unpredictable for any eyes to place a wager on that aerial dance

I kept looking still strained my eyes hardly it would vanished off  
Faraway the unlit rooms of the highrises the white hospital and the saintly ambulances down there  
Everytime to make myself intent with the feather I faltered sometimes  
But it nestles like a floating canoe relieving all pains through its sway  
The night is still to close time tickling down from the walls and the trees  
An owl flapped across I deviated slighter but my insomniac eyes swam me back  
The day's first call fajr is yet to be heard and my falcon eyes is losing my floating companion

Night was rubbing up all her darkness and the sun gleamed feebly with sparkles  
Houses right across the streets stood like a disoriented face after a prolonged sexual assault  
I was about to turn back and lie down before the sunbeams invades my privacy  
The clock struck four and the day's first call sounded from the nearby mosque  
Being a Muslim I ne'er been strongly religious nor I circumcised my organs  
But I lost the feather which might have made me a bit introspective and divinely little  
I looked down from my balcony to find if any human activity started up  
Yes, it was right there, rested on the black hairs of the day's first beggar  
The feather was on his scalp like a self-anointed crown of a reluctant monarch  
I found my Allah and saw him from above walking down with tatters and the night's belongings.

\*\*\*\*\*

Disappearance

I gave you a smile  
You put it on your face

Next day again I gave you a laughter  
You wore it on your eyes

Few weeks later I make a hi to you  
You replied it with all the strength of your voice

After some months I gave you a hug  
You tightened it with your arms

Then a year later, I began to love you  
You trickled it down like tears and disappeared

\*\*\*\*\*

**THE CROSS-DRESSER**

Why're you all looking at , what for?  
I'm not staring at anyone' I've no reason for-  
Am I convicted of heinous crime?  
Am I a terrorist with guns in my hand, out to kill the innocent?  
Or I am a faded memory revisiting the old brains.

If I'm stranger than fiction, let me know-  
Had I possess anything that makes you fix,  
I'm a human being with my own way of living-  
I've my own way of dressing other than you,  
I've ne'er intruded into anyone's privacy  
I'm not owed to anyone even a single penny –  
Even I've ne'er tapped my neighbour's door for anything

My eyes gets bluer and glued looking at the oceanic sky  
My lips dried up walking nomadically down the line of tropics  
Don't stare at me like that, like an alien  
I born without any tits, but I've sized it up nicely with plastic  
I can talk to you, if you feel like with appropriate decency  
Maintaining safe distance-  
My looks are not manly, they flash with womanness  
Come to me closer, we speak of sisterhood

When I couldn't find friends, I indulged in talking to myself  
I get myself more revealing, more frank like naked trees  
I bring out everything whatever I've from the day of my consciousness  
I was disowned, abandoned – my nearones think of me like an incurable disease  
My parents rebuffed me, I was even beaten up in the middle of the night  
Even if I 've nothing in my hand to do, I sat before the mirror and keep on looking at  
An air of ecstasy swirls over me, I began to leap like a humble rabbit  
Give your hand to me, I want to be befriended

I've everything so small, so petty, so menial could offer for  
If you talk to me with eager, I'll not let you down  
I'll talk of humanity, sublime happiness and mercy- if you like  
I disregard anykind of human atrocity, any human unevenness  
And of respect to human feelings and of own way of living in silence

When my kurta or sari or lehenga makes me worried-  
I feel pretty shy if it happens to be undraped  
My red lips curled up wryly, my slender heart takes me down  
But the people watching me with joke, I trinkled pity on them  
Inside the closed doors, I saw myself how the woman in me busting up slowly-

I feel comforted talking to the trees, they're all alike  
Every tree has a woman inside it- a large bowl of love  
My friends are all to my ways, living and dressing up with own colours-  
They talked to me, kissed me, sleep with me like a cold night  
We even go for sleepless titbits, lit bonfire on the seaside-  
I born everyday and die at the next slapping moment  
The moment I shape up myself with my beloved attires- I caught the light  
When I'm leered at like a sucking worm- I die without a fight.

\*\*\*\*\*

( 20 )

**AN INTERVIEW**

You asked me where I live?  
I said not in your eyes-  
You asked me when I'd be alone?  
I said I'm always alone.  
You asked me if I'd a family?  
I pointed you at the horizon  
You asked me if I dream?  
I answered I'm always awake  
You asked why I'm a poet?  
I hushed you to be quiet.

\*\*\*\*\*

( 21 )

**COULD YOU BE!**

If the door is open and you're still waiting  
Waiting for someone, something to come  
Perhaps a wind rushes in without your welcome.

If the window is closed and shut forever  
You want to keep the sun away from  
Make love with darkness like an unborn.

If the walls speak up and lend you a voice  
For the sake of you being so silent  
Rather you lay asleep, rather be disorient.

If the rain falls heavily outside without you  
And you're soaked with blood and sweat  
Could you then cry aloud, could you be a poet!

\*\*\*\*\*

POETLY INSANE

The light above my head, swum over me like a crocodile  
I was drugged, but I want to run and run away and defile  
They isolated me, I was monitored over until the weekend  
I took pills-brown,yellow,red, my wife prays for me like a saint

In the morning, the light and the wind inseparably hug me  
A flabby nurse came with an annoyed face, asks me to pee  
The first part of the day shoo away, I began to ponder over  
Walls surround me, my thoughts rush through like a flooded river

I couldn't sleep awhile, bees all around my head starts buzzing  
Some of them pricks hard, some makes me laugh, some intoxicating  
My brain was not in proper shape, the doctors used to say  
If i moved into some wilderness, they advise me to sink down and lay

The walls on which I like to draw, organs of primitive naked man  
Were all covered with political hues, my fantasies fail to overran  
Through the corner of my eyes, flowed down a dark maroon stream  
If I was left to live in a forest, with all my animalsome I'd scream

The bed on which I lay for hours, became a whore to me  
My flesh,my blood, my sperm,my soul, my body flowerise a medical history  
Perhaps I'm obsessed, perhaps I'm infatuated, perhaps I'm...  
If I miss the moments in this way, I may revolutionize or I may sham

\*\*\*\*\*

TO THE ENDEST

That night when I ran  
Its blackness veiled over

A firefly swinging on it  
Like a shining mirror

My fingers aged and harpy  
Played with the old shadows

Stars burned off before I peered  
Stains of it left on the windows

If words replace kindness thereof  
At the time of nailing Christ

Our primeval fear of darkness  
Rather be gone, not wasted in the fights-

But the night was on me heavily  
Through I've to pass on

My journey to the endest  
Was to make quieter and forlorn.

( 24 )

I IGNORED .....

*I ignored it, I ignored as I used to-*

It was dawn, the daylight faintly unfolding  
I'm lying cold, shaking off all my misgivings  
Suddenly I heard a tap on the door

*I ignored it, I ignored as I used to-*  
The thunderous ramble of the extinct reptile  
faraway historical shadows left the shore

*I ignored it, I ignored as I used to-*  
When the ticking of the clock hammers in my brain  
When the sirens of the ambulance carry the dead noise

*I ignored it, I ignored as I used to-*  
There is a confession, I always wanted to make  
Beside a wailing river, a wandering poet rejoice

( 25 )

MY WORDS ARE .....

The evening stitches slowly, a morbid lane rise  
Two stray cats, one profane and other revolutionise

When curtains flaps a little, thoughts pour in  
Two frail branches, sticks out and makes me green

Inside an unused diary, an old telephone number dwells  
The cellphone lits up, my dreams sweat and toils

The road sleeps on the dog's fur , I saw its whiteness  
Stars drip shadows, my words revolves around that haze.

# Proof

Printed By Createspace



Digital Proofer